

The Northfield Press

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. I. NO. 42.

NORTHFIELD, MASS., APRIL 15, 1910.

PRICE FIVE CENTS



Our Men's Furnishings Are Different

from the lines you'll find in ordinary haberdashers. You'll always find the quality a little better and the price more satisfactory. And you can get the latest novelties, you won't find in other shops.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

are the most popular suspenders in the world, because they're the most comfortable and durable. Their distinctive feature is the sliding action of the cord at the back, which permits perfect freedom of motion without the slightest strain on the shoulders or buttons.

NECKWEAR

We are proud of our assortment of men's fashionable neckwear. Nowhere can you find a greater variety of stylish shades and designs, suitable for all occasions—for business, dress and evening wear. And you will find our prices equally satisfactory.

HATS

Come to us for your new hat, and we guarantee to suit both your taste and your pocket-book. We have all the new, stylish shapes and shades—and our hats not only look well, but wear well.

SHOES

In all the correct models for the season, are ready for you at our store. Our shoes are famous throughout this section for their stylish appearance and long wear, and numbers of our customers get all their footwear here. We can fit you perfectly from our complete range of sizes.

A. W. PROCTOR

WOOD, GATES & CO.

We are showing a line of merchandise that appeals to people desiring first class goods at reasonable prices.

Try us. Yours truly,

WOOD, GATES & Co., ORANGE, MASS.



HOOSIER SPECIAL

George N. Kidder and Co.

\$6.75 \$6.75

We have just received another car load of the popular **EVANGELINE FLOUR**.

It looks like every family in town will soon be using it.

Evangeline Flour is the Best Flour in Northfield.

We guarantee 'Evangeline' to be absolutely satisfactory or your money back.

\$6.75 \$6.75

Bran, Middlings and Mixed Feed at less than cost.

C. E. Williams

Agent for Amherst Laundry

Are you thinking of planting a garden? If so

Go to
ROBBINS AND EVANS

and buy your seeds.

We have **RICE'S, HAWKIN'S LAKE SHORE and FERRY'S SEEDS** in packages, **RICE'S** Seeds in bulk.

Try **WHITE MOUNTAIN GRASS SEEDS**. They are a little higher in price but they are the cheapest when Quality is considered. Vitality 95 per cent; purity 99½ per cent.

If the grass on your lawn is thin sow some of our lawn grass seed, a mixture of fine grasses specially prepared for lawns.

Robbins and Evans
East Northfield.

Northfield

May magazines at the **PRESS STORE**. Next Tuesday, Patriots' Day, is a holiday.

"Were You Born In ——" books for sale at **Press Store, Proctor Block**.

The Sons of Veterans have begun to clear the cellar for their new building.

Ralph Doane is coming on Saturday to visit until Wednesday with his father.

The vacuum cleaner has arrived — another sign of spring.

Mrs. W. R. Moody accompanied her husband to New York this week.

Miss Myrtle Pierce has returned from a week's visit in Bernardston.

The arbutus blossoms are unusually early and handsome this year.

F. E. Atwood spent the week end with his mother in Keene, N. H.

Miss McDougall of Flushing, L. I., has been the guest of Mrs. A. G. Wright the past week.

Mrs. Magrath has moved into her new house.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster Stearns are running Maple Cottage.

The Labrador Club met with Mrs. W. C. Roberts last Friday.

Mrs. Aldis Newton of Wallingford, Vt., is the guest of Mrs. E. F. Howard. Elizabeth returned home with her.

Miss Annie Thomas, the nurse at Dwight's Home, has been called to Colorado by the illness of her brother.

Mr. Kellogg of Winchester, took charge of the local bank while Mr. Hamilton was in Boston.

Bert Preston has secured a position as cook in Worcester.

Mr. Huber has begun to build on the land he bought of Hollis Lyman.

Miss Clara Powers, sister of Mrs. D. L. Proctor, is expected here this week from California for a visit.

In reference to the Bar and Bottle bill a rising vote was taken in favor of urging our senator to vote for the bill in all future procedure.

Mrs. Isaiah Moody went to New York with her granddaughter, Miss Zimmerman last week for a visit.

Mrs. Hodgkins, who has spent the winter with her daughter, Mrs. H. H. Chamberlain, has gone to Brattleboro to visit relatives.

The Grange has recently obtained a stock of farmers' supplies for the use of members. We noticed recently that a neighboring Grange discussed the question, "What can we do to encourage home trading?"

The Women's Relief Corps and the ladies of the North Church are loading a car with old papers to be turned into money. Teams will call to collect papers on notification.

W. R. Moody has bought the Medad place for \$5500. This sum will be added to the trust fund of the Unitarian Church under the terms of Mrs. Adaline Moody's will.

At the annual meeting of the Franklin Co. Law Enforcement League, held at Greenfield last Monday, Rev. N. Fay Smith was elected secretary and also put on the membership committee. A. G. Moody was elected a member of the finance committee.

Herbert Brigham suffered a bad accident while painting at Chas. Slate's. He put some varnish on the back of the stove, it caught fire and in trying to remove it his hands were quite seriously burned. It is likely he will be laid up for a couple of weeks.

The Creamery butter-milk for year beginning May 1 was sold Wednesday to several bidders at one and a half and one and five eights cents per gallon.

It is said that the May flowers are disappearing from the hills about Northfield and the reason assigned is the pulling of them up roots and all. Mr. D. L. Moody used to urge that in the gathering of wild flowers scissors should always be used thus allowing the roots to remain propagate. It would be well for our young people to remember his request and pass the word around so that the enjoyment of the flowers may not mean their destination.

W. C. Roberts sold his entire reservation of tickets for the Keene Concert last night. About 75 Northfield, East Northfield, Mt. Hermon and South Vernon people attended.

Special Town Meeting

A town meeting is called by warrant for Monday, April 18, at 2 p. m., in the Town Hall to act on the following articles:—

Article 1. To choose a moderator to preside at said meeting.

Art. 2. To see if the town will vote to authorize the selectmen to sell and convey the Chapin farm, or act thereon.

Art. 3. To see if the town will raise and appropriate a sum of money for planking Bennett's Meadow Bridge, or act thereon.

Art. 4. To see if the town will vote to rescind so much of its vote of May third, nineteen hundred and nine, under Article four of the warrant, as relates to borrowing money for the purchase of the Field lot, or act thereon.

Art. 5. To see if the town will vote to rescind so much of its vote of March first, nineteen hundred and nine, under Article twenty of the warrant, as relates to borrowing money for the erection of a high school building, or act thereon.

Art. 6. To see if the town will vote to authorize the treasurer with the approval of the selectmen, to borrow a sum of money to purchase the Field lot, erect the high school building, for heating plumbing and furnishing, to grade the lot and to provide for paying the loan and interest, or act thereon.

Charles H. Newton

Charles H. Newton of Vernon died last Saturday morning on his 65th birthday. The funeral was held in the Union Church at Central Park on Tuesday afternoon. Rev. Mr. Trout of Brattleboro conducted the services.

Mr. Newton was one of the first members of Harmony Lodge, so that several members of this lodge and of the Eastern Star attended the funeral.

Russell Callander officiated as master mason and E. F. Howard as chaplain.

Other Northfield friends who attended included, Dwight Alexander, Henry Russell, B. F. Field; also Mrs. C. H. Webster, Mrs. C. C. Stearns, Mrs. A. W. Proctor, Mrs. Keet and Miss Elizabeth Alexander.

Mr. Newton is survived by his wife, who is a sister of Mrs. Dr. Wood, and by two sons.

Mrs. Jane Solandt

Mrs. Jane Solandt of Springfield, Mass., mother of A. M. Solandt of this place, died Tuesday, the fifth, at the home of her daughter, Miss Mary Solandt. She was in her 81st year. The interment was at Inverness, Canada. Mrs. Solandt was an excellent Christian woman, a member of the Northfield Congregational church and active in all good works. Seven sons and three daughters survive her.

Cleason Alexander is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. Banks.

Miss Mary Dickinson of Springfield is visiting her sister, Miss Daisy Dickinson.

Mrs. Elliott W. Brown returned Wednesday from a trip to Chatham and London, Ontario.

Mrs. J. A. Stebbins was called this week to Springfield on account of the illness of her mother.

Mrs. Mary Howard of Chicago and Mrs. Harriett Beach of Kenewick, Washington, are visiting their nieces, Mrs. Elliott W. Brown and Mrs. W. W. Coe.

Northfield Farms

Mrs. E. Hart gave her husband a genuine surprise on his fifty third birthday, April 8, by inviting about 25 of his friends to a card party at their home. Ice cream, cake and coffee were served and an enjoyable evening was spent.

Mrs. Rose Wood and sister Mrs. Clemons visited their cousin Clint Whitaker the past week.

The Farms people are glad to welcome Mrs. Mary Stratton home.

S. F. Alexander is in town for a two week's stay.

Mrs. Nye recently visited her daughter Edith Hale, in West Orange.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bancroft have been recent guests at O. L. Leach's.

Mr. and Mrs. Tatro of Athol have been recent guests in town.

PROFESSIONAL

George T. Thompson, Dentist
190 Main St. East Northfield
Office Hours: 8 a. m. to 4 p. m., except Saturday afternoons.

A. L. Newton, M. D.
47 Main St.

Office Hours: Before 8 a. m., from 12.30 to 2.00 p. m., and from 7.00 to 8.30 p. m. Telephone 1.

N. P. Wood, M. D.
112 Main St.

Office Hours: Before 8 a. m., from 12 to 2 p. m., and from 6 to 8 p. m. Telephone 17-2.

R. H. Philbrick, M. D.
Main St., East Northfield

Office hours: 8. to 8.30 a. m., 1.30 p. m., and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone 34-2.

Dr. C. G. Wheeler

Osteopathic Physician
117 Main St., Brattleboro, Vt.
Telephone connection

Charles H. Webster

Attorney and
Counsellor at Law
Webster Block - Northfield, Mass.

A. R. MINER

Experienced
AUCTIONEER
Satisfaction Guaranteed
Northfield, Mass. Tel. 15-34;

WANTED

Wanted—A second girl for the Elliot Hospital, Keene, N. H. Wages, \$5.00 per week. Address, Miss Ella McCodd, Keene, N. H.

WANTED—Bids for building Glenwood Ave. Extension and grading to land of J. R. Hamilton. Address Selectmen.

WANTED—Good Timber land. Elliott W. Brown, Northfield.

FOR SALE—Exclusive Bakery business in Northfield and vicinity. With the plant will be included the horses, wagons, etc. Also a small stock of Groceries. Prosperous business. Reasonable price. E. W. Brown, Northfield, Mass.

FOR SALE—About two tons of first class horse hay. Inquire of A. G. Moody, East Northfield.

FOR SALE—Pure Stock Rhode Island Red Cockerel. Mrs. A. D. Elmer

FOR SALE—A good Surray. PRESS Office.

FOR SALE—A few bushels of Choice early Potatoes and some extra Choice Seed Corn. L. W. Turner.

FOR SALE—A 2 year old heifer. Ed. O'Keefe.

FOR SALE—Three chamber sets and other household furnishings. Mrs. Laurence Lazelle, Highland Ave.

FOR SALE—A Square Piano in good condition, recently tuned and repaired. Only \$35. Mrs. Walter Doolittle.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—One six-room cottage on Elm Avenue. Inquire of John E. Nye.

FOR RENT—A desirable five room tenement with bath on Highland Avenue. Inquire of Mrs. E. M. Lazelle, East Northfield.

Through The Wall

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

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CHAPTER II.

COQUEUIL'S GREATEST CASE.

AFTER leaving Notre Dame Paul Coquenil directed his steps toward the prefecture of police, but halfway across the square he glanced back at the church clock that shows its white face above the grinning gargoyles, and, pausing, he stood a moment in deep thought.

"A quarter to 7," he reflected; then, turning to the right, he walked quickly to a little wine shop with flowers in the windows, the Tavern of the Three Wise Men.

"Ah, I thought so!" he muttered as he recognized his friend and assistant, Papa Tignol, at one of the tables on the terrace. And approaching the old man, who had a red face and a purple tinged nose, he said in a low tone, "I want you."

Tignol looked up quickly from his glass, and his face lighted. "Eh, M. Paul again!"

"I must see M. Pougeot," continued the detective. "It's important. Go to his office. If he isn't there go to his house. Anyhow, find him and tell him to come to me at once. Hurry on. I'll pay for this. And run across to the church and tell Bonneton that he needn't come either."

"I knew it; I knew it," chuckled Papa Tignol as he trotted off. "There's something doing."

With this much arranged Coquenil, after paying for his friend's absinth, strolled over to a cab stand near the statue of Henry IV. and selected a horse that could not possibly make more than four miles an hour. Behind this deliberate animal he seated himself, and, giving the driver his address, he charged him gravely not to go too fast and settled back against the cushions to comfortable meditations. "There is no better way to think out a tough problem," he used to insist, "than to take a very long drive in a very slow cab."

It may have been that this horse was not slow enough, for forty minutes later Coquenil's frown was still unrelaxed when they drew up at the Villa Montmorency, really a collection of villas, some dozens of them, in a private park near the Bois de Boulogne.

The detective occupied a wing of the original Montmorency chateau, a habitation of ten spacious rooms, more than enough for himself and his mother and the faithful old servant Melanie, who took care of them, especially during these summer months, when Mme. Coquenil was away at a country place in the Vosges mountains that her son had bought for her. Paul Coquenil had never married, and his friends declared that, besides his work, he loved only two things in the world—his mother and his dog.

At 8 o'clock the detective rose from the dinner table and withdrew into his study, a large room opening off the dining room and furnished like no other study in the world. Around the walls were low bookcases with wide tops, on which were spread, under glass, what Coquenil called his criminal museum. This included souvenirs of cases on which he had been engaged, wonderful sets of burglars' tools, weapons used by murderers—saws, picks, jointed jimmies of tempered steel, that could be taken apart and folded up in the space of a thick cigar and hidden about the person.

Melanie entered presently with coffee and cigarettes, which she placed on a table near the green shaded lamp, within easy reach of the great red leather chair where M. Paul was seated.

Suddenly there came a clang at the iron gate in the garden and the sound of quick, crunching steps on the gravel walk. M. Pougeot had arrived.

M. Lucien Pougeot was one of the eighty police commissaries who, each in his own quarter, oversee the moral washing of Paris' dirty linen. M. Pougeot was one of the most distinguished and intelligent members of this interesting body. He was a devoted friend of Paul Coquenil.

"Well," remarked the commissary when they were settled in their chairs, "I suppose it's the Rio de Janeiro thing? Some parting instructions, eh?" And he turned to light a cigar.

Coquenil shook his head. "When do you sail?"

"I'm not sailing."

"What?"

For once in his life M. Pougeot was surprised. He knew all about this foreign offer, with its extraordinary money advantages. He had rejoiced in his friend's good fortune after two unhappy years, and now—now Coquenil informed him calmly that he was not sailing.

"I have just made a decision, the most important decision of my life," continued the detective, "and I want you to know about it. You are the only person in the world who will know—everything. So listen! This afternoon I went into Notre Dame church, I saw a young girl there who sells candles. I didn't know her, but she looked up in a queer way, as if she wanted to speak to me. So I went to her, and—well, she told me of a dream she had last night."

"A dream?" snorted the commissary. "So she said. She may have been lying, or she may have been put up to it. I know nothing about her, not even her name, but that's of no consequence. The point is that in this dream, as she called it, she brought together the two most important events in my life."

"H'm! What was the dream?" "She says she saw me twice—once in a forest near a wooden bridge where a man with a beard was talking to a woman and a little girl; then she saw me on a boat going to a place where there were black people."

"That was Brazil."

"I suppose so. And there was a burning sun with a wicked face inside that kept looking down at me. She says she often dreams of this wicked face. She sees it first in a distant star that comes nearer and nearer until it gets to be large and red and angry. As the face comes closer her fear grows until she wakes with a start of terror. She says she would die of fright if the face ever reached her before she awoke. That's about all."

For some moments the commissary did not speak. "Did she try to interpret this dream?"

"No."

"Why did she tell you about it?"

"She acted on a sudden impulse, so she says. I'm inclined to believe her. But never mind that. Pougeot—he rose in agitation and stood leaning over his friend—"In that forest scene she brought up something that isn't known, something I've never even told you, my best friend."

"Tiens! What is that?"

"You think I resigned from the police force two years ago, don't you?"

"Of course."

"Every one thinks so. Well, it isn't true. I didn't resign. I was discharged."

M. Pougeot stared in bewilderment, as if words failed him, and finally he repeated weakly: "Discharged! Paul Coquenil discharged!"

"Yes, sir, discharged from the Paris detective force for refusing to arrest a murderer. That's how the accusation read."

"But it wasn't true?"

"Judge for yourself. It was the case of a poacher who killed a guard. I don't suppose you remember it?"

"Down near Saumur, wasn't it?"

"Exactly. And it was near Saumur I found him after searching all over France. We were clean off the track, and I made up my mind the only way to get him was through his wife and child. They lived in a little house in the woods not far from the place of the shooting. I went there as a peddler in hard luck, and I played my part so well that the woman consented to take me in as a boarder. For weeks it was a waiting game. I would go away on a peddling tour and then come back as a boarder. Nothing developed, but I could not get rid of the feeling that my man was somewhere near in the woods."

"One of your intuitions. Well?"

"Well, at last the woman became convinced that they had nothing to fear from me, and she did things more openly. One day I saw her put some food in a basket and give it to the little girl. And the little girl went off with the basket into the forest. Then I knew I was right, and the next day I followed the little girl, and, sure enough, she led me to a rough cave where her father was hiding. I hung about there for an hour or two, and finally the man came out from the cave, and I saw him talk to his wife and child near a bridge over a mountain torrent."

"The picture that girl saw in the dream?"

"Yes; I'll never forget it. I had my pistol ready, and he was defenseless, and once I was just springing forward to take the fellow when he bent over and kissed his little girl. I don't know how you look at these things, Pougeot, but I couldn't break in there and take that man away from his wife and child. The woman had been kind to me and trusted me, and—well, it was a breach of duty, and they punished me for it. But I couldn't do it. I couldn't do it, and I didn't do it."

"And you let the fellow go?"

"I let him go then, but I got him a week later in a fair fight, man to man. They gave him ten years."

"And discharged you from the force?"

"Yes—that is, in view of my past services they allowed me to resign."

Coquenil spoke bitterly.

"Outrageous! Unbelievable!" muttered Pougeot.

Coquenil looked at Pougeot with an odd little smile. "You take it just as I thought you would—just as I took it myself until today. It seems like a stupid blunder, doesn't it? Well, it wasn't a blunder; it was a necessary move in the game."

"The game! What game?" The

commissary stared.

"A game involving a great crime."

"You have the facts of this crime?"

"No; it hasn't been committed yet."

"Not committed yet?" repeated the other, with a startled glance. "But you know the plan? You have evidence?"

"I have what is perfectly clear evidence to me—so clear that I wonder I never saw it before. Lucien, suppose you were a great criminal, wealthy, educated, daring and resourceful, and suppose there was one person in this city who was thwarting your purposes, perhaps jeopardizing your safety. What would you naturally do?"

"I'd try to get rid of him."

"Exactly." Coquenil paused, and then, leaning closer to his friend, he said with extraordinary earnestness, "Lucien, for over two years some one has been trying to get rid of me!"

"The devil!" started Pougeot. "How long have you known this?"

"Only today," frowned the detective. "I ought to have known it long ago."

"H'm! Aren't you building a good deal on that dream?"

"The dream? Heavens, man," snapped Coquenil, "I'm building nothing on the dream and nothing on the girl. She simply brought together two facts that belong together. Why she did it doesn't matter; she did it, and my reason did the rest. There is a connection between this Rio de Janeiro offer and my discharge from the force. I know it. I'll show you other links in the chain. Three times in the past two years I have received offers of business positions away from Paris, tempting offers. Notice that—business positions away from Paris! Some one has extraordinary reasons for wanting me out of this city and out of detective work."

"And you think this 'some one' was responsible for your discharge from the force?"

"I tell you I know it. M. Giroux, the chief at that time, was distressed at the order—he told me so himself; he said it came from higher up."

The commissary raised incredulous eyebrows. "You mean that Paris has a criminal able to overrule the wishes of a chief of police?"

"Is that harder than to influence the Brazilian government? Do you think Rio de Janeiro offered me a hundred thousand francs a year just for my beautiful eyes?"

"You're a great detective."

"A great detective repudiated by his own city. That's another point. Why

should the police department discharge me two years ago and recommend me now to a foreign city? Don't you see the same hand behind it all?"

"It's queer," Pougeot muttered. "But you think some great crime is preparing?"

"Don't you?" asked Coquenil abruptly.

"Why—er—" hesitated the other.

"Look at the facts again. Some one wants me off the detective force, out of France. Why? There can be only one reason."

"And when—when do you think this crime may be committed?"

"Who can say? There must be great agency to account for their insisting that I sail tomorrow. Ah, you didn't know that? Yes, even now, at this very moment, I am supposed to be on the steamer train, for the boat goes out early in the morning before the Paris papers can reach Cherbourg."

M. Pougeot started up, his eyes widening. "What!" he cried. "You mean that—that possibly—tonight?"

And then came one of the strange coincidences of this extraordinary case. On the silence of this room, with its tension of overwrought emotion, broke the sharp summons of the telephone.

"My God!" shivered the commissary.

"What is that?" M. Pougeot aroused himself with an effort. He put the receiver to his ear. "Yes, this is M. Pougeot. What? The Ansonia? You say he's shot? In a private dining room? Dead? Quel malheur!" Then he gave quick orders. "Send Papa Tignol over with a doctor and three or

four agents. Close the restaurant. Don't let any one go in or out. Don't let any one leave the banquet room. I'll be there in twenty minutes. Good-by."

He put the receiver down and, turning, white faced, said to Coquenil, "It has happened."

CHAPTER III.

PRIVATE ROOM NO. 6.

THE night was black, and rain was falling in torrents as Paul Coquenil and the commissary rolled away in an auto in response to this startling summons of crime.

"He was in luck to have this storm," muttered Coquenil. Then, in reply to Pougeot's look: "I mean the thunder it deadened the shot and gained time for him. Think what it means to commit murder in a crowded restaurant and get away. It means brains, Lucien. Ah, we're nearly there!"

They had reached Napoleon's arch, and the automobile, swinging sharply to the right, started at full speed down the Champs Elysees.

"It's bad for Gritz," reflected the commissary. Then both men fell silent in the thought of the emergency before them.

M. Gritz, it may be said, was the enterprising proprietor of the Ansonia, this being the last and most brilliant of his creations for cheering the rich and hungry wayfarer.

Drawing up before the imposing entrance, they saw two policemen on guard at the doors, one of whom came forward quickly with word that M. Gibelin and two other men from headquarters had already arrived.

"Is Papa Tignol here?" asked Coquenil.

"Yes, sir," replied the man, saluting respectfully.

"Before I go in, Lucien, you'd better speak to Gibelin," whispered M. Paul.

"It's a little delicate. He's a good detective, but he likes the old school methods, and he and I never got on very well."

"Good! I'll be back in a moment," and, pushing his way through the crowd of sensation seekers that blocked the sidewalk, he disappeared inside the building.

M. Pougeot's moment was prolonged to five full minutes, and when he reappeared his face was black.

"Such stupidity!" he stormed.

"It's what I expected," answered Coquenil.

"Gibelin says you have no business here. He's an impudent devil! Tell Beau Cocono, he sneered, 'to keep his hands off this case. Orders from headquarters.' I told him you had business here, business for me, and—Come on, I'll show 'em."

He took Coquenil by the arm, but the latter drew back. "Not yet. I have a better idea. Go ahead with your report. Never mind me."

"But I want you on the case," insisted the commissary.

"I'll be on the case all right."

"I'll telephone headquarters at once about this," insisted Pougeot. "When shall I see you again?"

Coquenil eyed his friend mysteriously. "I think you'll see me before the night is over. Now get to work, and," he smiled mockingly as he departed "give M. Gibelin the assurance of my distinguished consideration."

As M. Pougeot mounted to the first floor he was met at the head of the stairs by a little yellow bearded man with luminous dark eyes, who can toward him, hand extended.

"Ah, Dr. Joubert!" said the commissary.

The doctor nodded nervously. "It's a singular case."

At the same moment a door opened and Gibelin appeared. He was rather fat, with small, piercing eyes and a reddish mustache. His voice was harsh, his manner brusque, but there was no denying his intelligence.

Gibelin withdrew while Pougeot proceeded with his duties.

In general plan the Ansonia was in the form of a large E, the main part of the second floor, where the tragedy took place, being occupied by public dining rooms, but the two wings, in accordance with Parisian custom, containing a number of private dining rooms. In each of the wings were seven of these private rooms, all opening on a dark red passageway lighted by soft electric lamps. It was in one of the west wing private rooms that the crime had been committed.

M. Pougeot paused at the turn of the corridor to ask some question, but he was interrupted by a burst of singing on the left, a roaring chorus of hilarity.

"It's a banquet party," explained the doctor, "a lot of Americans. They don't know what has happened."

"Hah!" reflected the other. "Just across the corridor too!"

Then briefly the commissary heard what the witnesses had to tell him about the crime. It had been discovered half an hour before, more precisely at ten minutes to 8, by a waiter, Joseph, who was serving a couple in No. 6, a dark complexioned man and a strikingly handsome woman. They had arrived at a quarter before 8 and the meal had begun at once. Oddly enough, after the soup the gentleman told the waiter not to bring the next course until he rang, at the same time slipping into his hand a ten franc piece, whereupon Joseph had nodded

his understanding.

Ten minutes! Fifteen minutes! Joseph knocked discreetly, then again after a decent pause, and finally, weary of waiting, he opened the door. A moment later he started back, his eyes fixed with horror.

"Grand Dieu!" he cried.

"You saw the body, the man's body?" questioned the commissary.

"Yes, sir."

"And the woman?"

"Ah, I forgot," stammered Joseph. "She had come out of the room before



A MAN IN EVENING DRESS LAY FACE DOWNWARD IN A LITTLE RED POOL.

this, while I was waiting. She asked where the telephone was, and I told her it was on the floor below."

"Did any one see her leave the hotel?" demanded Pougeot sharply, looking at the others.

"It's extraordinary," answered the doctor, "but no one seems to have seen this woman go out."

Again Pougeot turned to the waiter.

"What sort of woman was she? A lady or—or not?"

Joseph clucked his tongue admiringly. "She was a lady, all right, and a stunner! Oh, there's one thing more!"

"You can tell me later. Now, doctor, we'll look at the room. I'll need you, Leroy, and you and you." He motioned to his secretary and to two of his men.

Dr. Joubert, bowing gravely, opened the door of No. 6, and the commissary entered, followed by his scribe, a very bald and pale young man, and by the two policemen. Last came the doctor, closing the door carefully behind him.

Stretched at full length on the floor near a pale yellow sofa lay a man in evening dress, his head resting, face downward, in a little red pool. He was evidently dead.

"Has anything been disturbed here? Has any one touched this body?" demanded Pougeot sharply.

"No," said the doctor; "Gibelin came in with me, but neither of us touched anything. We waited for you."

"I see. Ready, Leroy," and he proceeded to dictate what there was to say, dwelling on two facts—that there was no sign of a weapon in the room and that the long double window opening on the Rue Marboeuf was standing open.

continued next week

The Crushing Reply.

She—What are you thinking about?

He—Oh, nothing much.

She (sweetly). That's egotistical.—

l'arvard Lampoon.

Be Charitable.

One who was dauntless

Failed to win:

Handle him gently—

He's all in.

—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

AGENTS WANTED TO secure subscriptions for the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN. Full particulars sent when you answer this advertisement.

HUNTING FISHING

Half the fun of country life is in these glorious outdoor sports. To grab your gun or rod for pleasant pastime in woods or prairie. If you're fond of these things you will enjoy the

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN

100 pages a month, 1200 a year! Instructive, interesting, thrilling, life-pictorial stories on hunting, fishing, camping, tramping. With the heart of every man and boy who lives where these stirring enjoyments are near at hand. Single copies, 10c. a yearly subscription \$1.00.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Send us 50c. stamps or cash and we will send you a copy of the

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN

also one of our heavy illustrated, life-pictorial, Gold Watch Fob (regular price, 50c.) as shown with rusted leather strap and buckle.

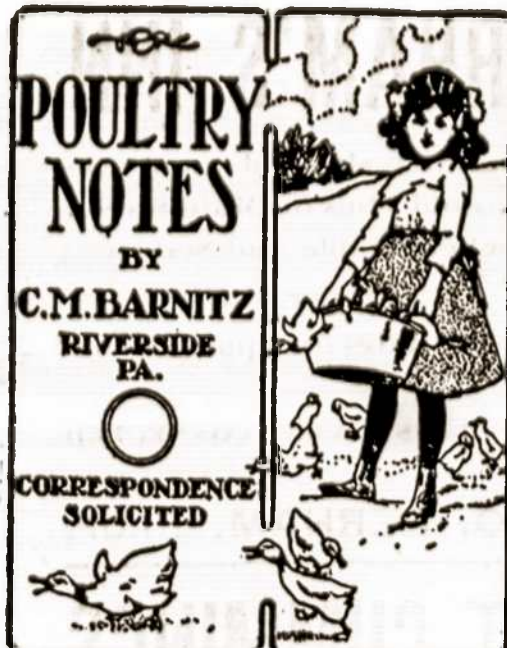
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Watch Fob, regular price, 50c. All yours for 25c.

Send to-day, 25c. FOR

25c.

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, Inc., 100 Federal St., Boston



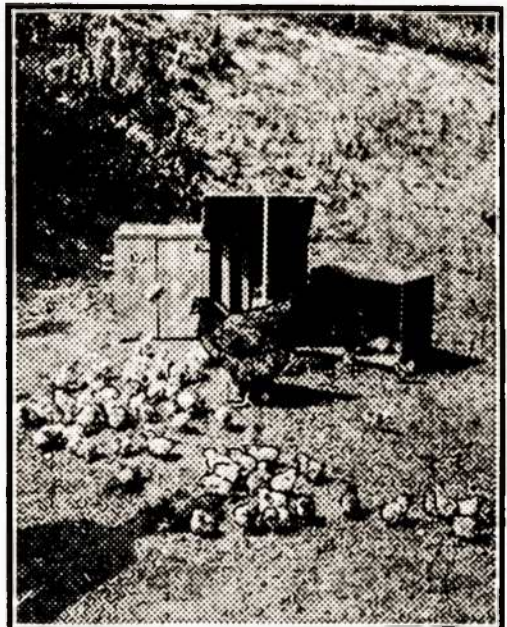
[These articles and illustrations must not be reprinted without special permission.]

CAUSES OF CHICK MORTALITY.

The great death rate among chicks may mostly be ascribed to weak ancestry, faulty incubation and brooding, insanitary surroundings and bad feeding.

Stock weakened by disease, inbreeding, lice, filth, fat and underfeeding breeds disease targets.

While modern chicken machinery surpasses the hen in quantity of production, Biddy is still ahead in hatching beautiful, livable, vigorous chicks, and the many claptrap, firetrap incubators and brooders, most of them made to catch bargain buyers, with their faulty ventilation and regulation, are responsible for millions of chicks dead in the shell and the great mortality after hatching. White diarrhea, the dread scourge of artificially hatched chicks, is caused by faulty



TOO MUCH FAMILY (THE START).

chick machinery and is seldom seen when chicks are hatched under hens.

The idea that this disease originates in the hen and is on the eggshell and thus gets to the newly hatched chicks is amusing.

Washing eggs with disinfectants will never wash away conditions that come from bad air, overheating and chilling in nature faking chicken machinery.

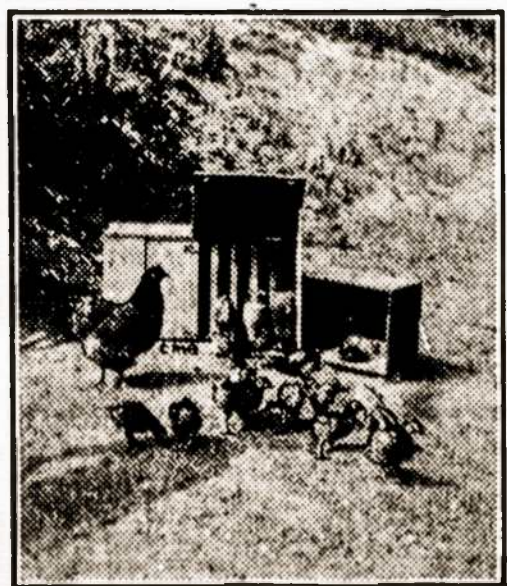
Then so many forget that chicks are babies and need tender care.

They raise them on the hogpen plan. But filth begets parasites and disease germs, is attended with bad air and dampness; hence come plp, roup, rheumatism, indigestion and gapes, the latter killing millions annually.

So many lose their heads when the hatching season comes and in their eagerness to "get out all they can" fill everything to overflowing with chicks when their housing and feeding ability is only half what is necessary, and as a result, from overcrowding, underfeeding and heat, many die and the remainder, from such conditions, are weak.

Many still cling to old style, sloppy feeds, which bring on deadly bowel troubles.

Wet cornmeal, which soon turns sour and is assisted in its destructive-



ALL SHE RAISED (THE END).

ness by filth tracked on to it by chicks, is a frequent cause of mortality and is no longer used by up to date poultry raisers, who have adopted the principle, "Dry feed only."

This article preaches the doctrine—prevention is easier and cheaper than cure.

By hatching eggs from vigorous breeders in dependable incubators, raising them on dry feed in good brooders and giving them proper care we raise about 95 per cent to full maturity.

Many are following our methods as set forth in this paper and, we are glad to say, are reporting success.

A DUCK DISCOURSE.

Duck money comes easy—on paper—for he who turns from chicks to quacks without first getting "flapper" information is apt to sink, for their nature and management are so different.

Ducks are so nervous that even a leaf dropping in the flock may cause such an electric shock as to stampede them out of a week's growth. They drop eggs anywhere, and, though they cackle not, their midnight quack is not conducive to pleasant dreams, and their plaster droppings, if not removed, at every rainfall make hot competition for a fertilizer factory.

As they roost on the floor, they must be bedded like a horse, and, though a pond is not essential, much water is necessary to liquidate their bills. But, though watered stock, they pay well if managed well. Duck picking is easy if one survives his first experience, and, as the high price duck market is short and a duckling is only bon ton at a certain point in growth and then goes back, time and the green duck must be taken by the forelock to catch the long green.

Ducks use scoop shovels at repasts, their flappers being accessory to the act, and their digestive tracts are so arranged that there is no stop at way stations, and, being great drinkers at meals, contrary to the teaching of human quacks, the water seems to whet their appetites for more.

Though this rubberneck "hog of fowls" may eat twice as much as a chicken, its growth is double in the same time, as the soft feed required by its double action rapid digester allows frequent forcing fattening feasts.

Table showing growth of duckling and chick:

	Duckling.	Chick.
	Lbs. Oz.	Lbs. Oz.
1 week old.....	4	2
2 weeks old.....	9½	4
3 weeks old.....	1	7
4 weeks old.....	10	10½
5 weeks old.....	12	14
6 weeks old.....	12	1 2½
7 weeks old.....	3 ½	1 8
8 weeks old.....	4	1 12
9 weeks old.....	5	2 3

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

A negro who was caught in a Rhode Island hencoop tried to prove that he had a brainstorm. He was afflicted with a dark cloud, as it were.

Newport county, Tenn., after providing for its own custards and egg-nog, ships \$75,000 worth of poultry products to eastern points annually.

Missouri is called "Show Me Land" because she is showing the "effete east" especially how to spell poultry; \$50,000,000 a year is all she gets from poultry products, but she promises to get more from the American hen in 1910.

When the litter on the scratching floors begins to feel damp or makes a great dust when the hens scratch it's time to change scratch material.

The duck fanciers of Pennsylvania with plants on the Susquehanna were chasing the fast falling stream all last summer trying to keep their ducks in the water. They used many extra rolls of wire for water runs.

Better test the tank in that hot water incubator with steaming water for a day before filling it with eggs. That tank might burst o'er the egg tray, and you might something naughty say.

When Dominik Sarvo of Wilkes-barre, Pa., was charged with selling rotten eggs as a test of their condition he was commanded to eat them. He ate them with a relish, and as the evidence thus disappeared he was discharged.

When a sexton in an Ohio town opened a church for service he found twenty-two chicken feet and a pile of feathers and blood on the floor. The preacher, of course, was not suspected.

English fanciers are importing stock from this country, and some Americans are buying birds across the pond. "A fair exchange is no robbery," but if the breeds are mixed on each side it might destroy each nation's poultry pride.

At the American royal live stock show held at Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 11-16, thirty White Orpington hens were exhibited whose net profit for one year was \$3,600. One thousand twenty-four of their eggs sold for \$2,048, and stock raised from them was worth \$2,090, while they also paid for labor and feed \$538.

It is now announced that the new "Standard of Perfection" will not be issued before 1911. This follows on the heels of the report that it would be issued in the fall of 1910.

On Jan. 1 a complete course in poultry culture, consisting of more than 1,200 6 by 9 pages, was announced to the public by the international correspondence schools through 1,500 solicitors in the United States and Canada. Next!

C. M. Barnitz.

DON'TS.

Don't throw feathers away, even if you pick only a few at a time. Soft cushions are good for bolts.

Don't scald legs and heads of poultry. It makes them appear like sick stock.

Don't think ambition unbacked by determination will carry you through. If at first you don't suck eggs, try, try again.

CHICKEN POTPIE, BEST YET.

Now, children, you may make a guess. What we shall have at dinner time. Well, start with Mary, next to me, and you may guess right down the line.

"It's chicken noodles," Mary said. But mother quickly shook her head. "It's apple dumplin's," answered Flo. But mother smiled, again said, "No."

"It's sauerkraut," laughed Ben to mother. "It's buckwheat cakes!" yelled out another.

"It's plum puddin'," guessed little Ray. But to them all she answered, "Nay."

Then mother let us guess anew. While she told us what she would do: "I'll dress a chicken young and fat. I'll add some parsley then to that."

"I'll roll out some nice rich light dough. I'll add an onion then or so. I'll pare a few potatoes too. I'll put the chicken on to stew."

And then we all gave a big shout. That almost shook the windows out: "It's chicken potpie, oh, you bet! Mother, that's the best yet!"
C. M. BARNITZ.

An Off Shore Chantey.

(The oft repeated swan song of a deep sea lover.)

Ho! Yo! Home with sheet an' bowlin', Flatten braces in a bit, she's leanin' to it now.

Hi! Yi! Sweethearts, we're a-strollin', We'll kiss you when we come back if you ain't forgotten how!

Yi! Hi! Bend your back, you lubber! H'tst your wheel a spoke or two an' give her a good full—

Yo! Ho! Riggin's made o' rubber; You can stretch it if you try, so—pull, pull, pull!

Ho! Yo! Leavin' wine an' women—Never seen much wine in mine, but rum's the stuff to burn—

Hi! Hi! Sweethearts, we'll come swimmin'.

And if you have forgotten, why, there's others we can learn!

Yi! Hi! Put your helm hard over—Tack her once, then coffee, lads, an' no more cakes for tea—

Yo! Ho! Pointin' out by Dover, No more damned, jammed land for us; we're makin' out to sea—

—Rowland Thomas in American Magazine.

No Difference.

Ethel (calling on her friend)—I didn't know you were one of those athletic girls.

Madge—What do you mean, dear?

Ethel—Look at those follics over your bureau.

Madge—Follics! Why, those are my hatpins.—Boston Transcript.

A Blasted Romance.

Upon an egg she wrote her name; She also wrote the date.

Romantic friendship was her game—She knew that she must wait.

She waited long with inward pain And mingled hopes and fears,

And then she found that egg had lain In storage all these years.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Up to Date Answer.

"Ah, my lad, you are a fine little fellow!"

"Thank you, sir."

"And are you mamma's boy or papa's boy?"

"I spend six months in the custody of each," answered the urchin courteously.—Pittsburg Post.

Chinese Schools.

No crayons or blackboards are used in Chinese schools. The pupils learn to write from copies set by their teachers and which they at first trace with a brush and India ink through thin paper made of bamboo fiber.

The Human Body.

The principal elements of the human body are nitrogen, hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, water, iron, salt, carbohydrates, chloride of potash, magnesium, sulphur and hydrochloric acid.

Turkey's Sacred Spot.

The Chirkau Scherif, or hall of the Holy Garment, is the most sacred place in Turkey, for it shelters the mantle of the prophet Mohammed, his staff, his saber, his standard and, among other relics, two hairs from his venerable beard, which are inclosed in a casket of gold.

Mount Rewenzori.

Mount Rewenzori, in equatorial Africa, is about 20,000 feet high, has twenty miles of glaciers and is nearly always cloud covered.

Voting in Belgium.

They encourage people to record their votes in Belgium by issuing cheap tickets on the state railways. Tickets are sold to electors to go to their voting places at less than half price.

Gas Lighting.

The inventor of gas lighting was one Murdock of Birmingham, England. In 1792 he installed gas lighting in his house, but it was not till 1803 that the system was given a public trial.

Boy Accused of Causing Death. Providence, Feb. 8.—Fourteen-year-old Raymond Moore was held responsible by Coroner London for the death of Henry W. Woge, a 93-year-old bowling alley proprietor. Woge was assaulted in his shop.

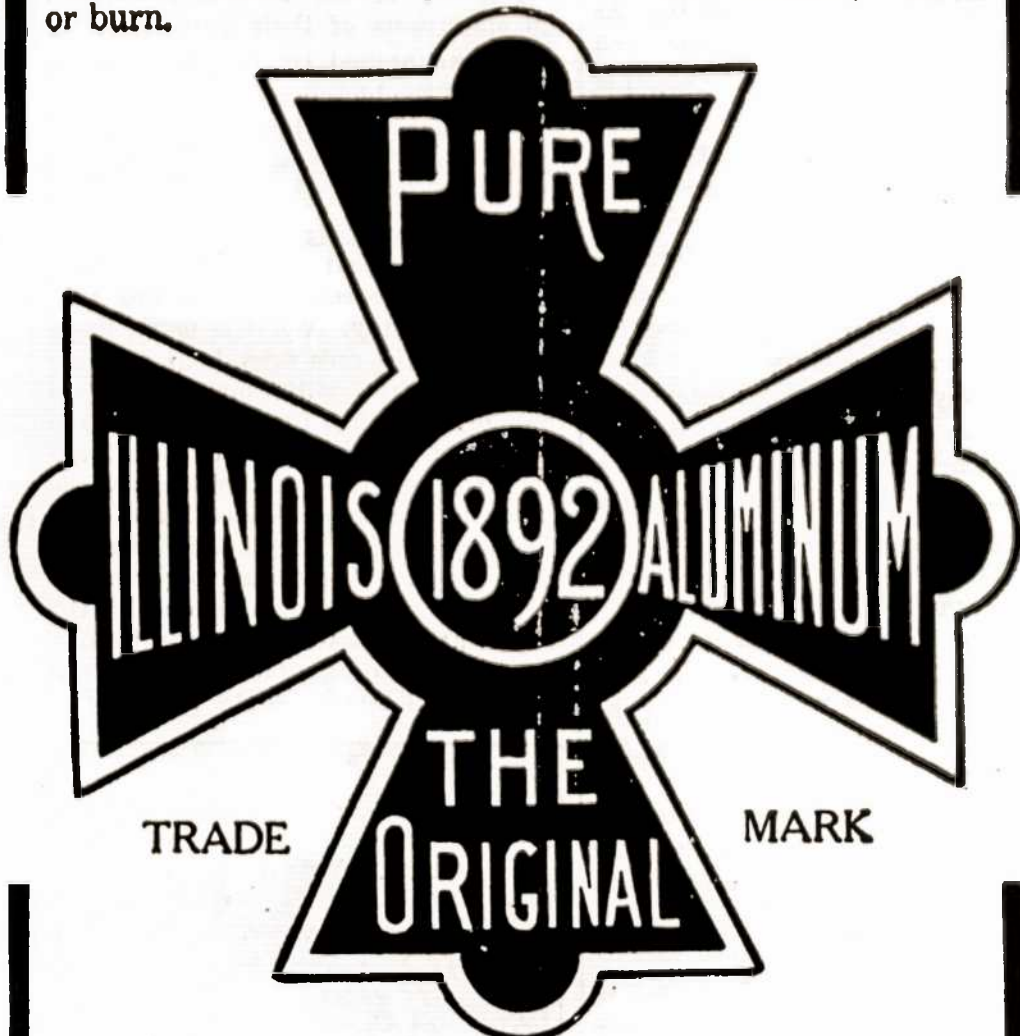
Minimum Rate For Germany. Washington, Feb. 8.—The president has issued a proclamation in which it is declared that German goods imported in the United States are entitled to the minimum rates of duty.

HOUSEWIVES

Do you want to know about a wonderful new time, health and money-saving kitchen convenience?

Then you should see the complete line of "1892" Pure Spun Aluminum Cooking Utensils now on exhibition at your dealers.

This ware is guaranteed by the makers for 25 years. It is absolutely pure, wholesome and thoroughly hygienic, will not crack, scale, peel, break, rust, tarnish, scorch or burn.

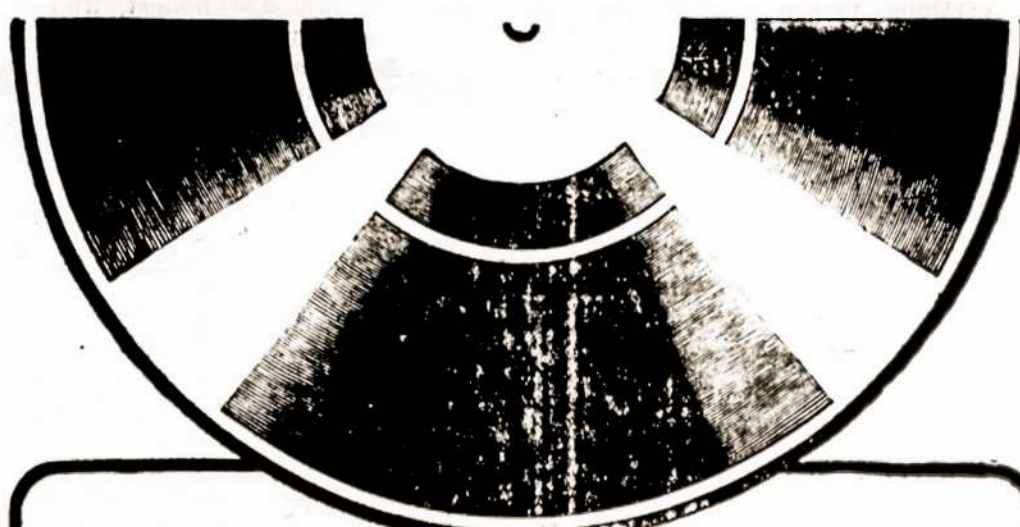


It is light weight, easy to handle and easy to clean; makes kitchen work a delight instead of drudgery; saves your money, time, fuel; protects your health against metal poisoning and serious troubles resulting from chipping of small particles into the food, which is one of the dangers from the use of the old style enameled wares.

You buy patent carpet sweepers, egg-beaters, dish-washers, clothes-wringers and many other time and labor saving conveniences, but there is nothing that will prove a greater practical household blessing than the "1892" Pure Spun Aluminum Ware.

Lose no time in seeing for yourself what it will do. Your money back if this ware fails to do what is claimed for it.

GEO. N. KIDDER & CO.



Columbia Disc and Cylinder Records



fit any "talking machine" and make it sound almost as good as the Columbia Graphophone.

The Columbia Phonograph Company owns the original patents covering the making of modern records. They use materials that no other maker can secure. They employ processes that they absolutely control. They operate the largest factory in its line in the world. If organization counts for anything, if system means anything, if constant invention and experiment are worth considering, Columbia Records ought to be beyond comparison—and they are! Finest tone, longest life, widest choice. Come in and listen.

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Name, Please.

For I hardly needs to tell you How you'll often come across A forty dollar saddle On a twenty dollar horse.
—Kansas City Star.

Physical Messengers.

He (gushing)—Your eyes tell me much. She (lily)—Your breath tells me more.—Cornell Widow.

Outclassed.

Mary had a little lamb. Its fleece was white, 'tis true. She sold it to the butcher. He did some fleeing too.
—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

An Impossible Task.

"Now she's dead, I see that Jorkins is trying to break his wife's will." "He could never do it while she was living."—Baltimore American.

The Northfield Press

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

W. W. Coe A. P. Fitt

NORTHFIELD - MASSACHUSETTS
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Proctor Block Telephone 4-5

FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1910

Mrs. Sarah Midot sends us an old copy of Graham's Magazine bearing the date of March, 1856. One article, well marked, bears the title, "Newspaper Dunning," and relates to methods adopted more than half a century ago by printers in need of filthy lucre. One paper bases its plea on the scriptures. It quotes Paul's words to the Romans: "Owe no man anything," and then adds, "We fear some of our subscribers never read Paul's epistles."

The Presbyterian Herald propounds the following to whom it may concern: "Can a Christian man or woman with a good conscience," continue to take a newspaper for two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight or ten years, causing the editor and publisher to pay out actual cash, besides their own labor, to enable them to send the paper and the subscribers during that time sending no equivalent for it, though the mails are always at their doors, ready to convey what they may wish to send to the publisher, and he is willing to run the risk of its safe arrival, rather than lie out of his money? Is such a course of conduct obeying the apostolical injunction to "owe no man anything, but to love one another?" Is it doing unto others as they would have others do unto them, their respective positions being exchanged?"

The editor of a very valuable paper in the State of New York, thus affecting appeals to his readers:—

"Where is the money coming from to pay for our next issue? We cannot get a quire without the cash in advance. We have borrowed until our credit is gone. We have worked two years for nothing and boarded ourselves—or rather our wife has boarded us, 'free gratis for nothing.' Our compositors want their wages. Our children want shoes and our wife wants a new calico dress. We are out of wood, out of potatoes, out of flour, out of meat, out of butter, out of sugar, out of patience—in short, out of nearly everything, except a clear conscience. We dodged the sheriff until we could not dodge any longer; and have dodged our creditors until we are tired. We have not a shilling in our pocket, and YOU owe us Two Thousand Dollars! We are trying to live a Christian life, and hope to get to Heaven. It affords us no satisfaction to think we shall not meet you there. We should greatly prefer to have you pay us, and thereby remove a very great obstacle in the way of reaching that place of rest."

An editor of another paper says he never saw but one ghost, and that was the ghost of a sinner who died without paying for his paper. "Twas terrible to look upon—the ghost in Hamlet was not a circumstance."

Other men, again, have taken quite another plan, and have sought to persuade their friends to pay, by telling them tales like these:—

"It is worthy remark, that no person who took a newspaper regularly and paid for it, was ever justly convicted of a capital offence. No such person was ever willingly sent to the penitentiary, or any other prison. No such person ever knowingly committed suicide; and with a few exceptions, longevity has been the consequence of so upright a practice."

An unfortunate editor in Kentucky, thus addresses his delinquent subscribers:—

"Friends, we are almost penniless—Job's turkey was a millionaire compared with our present depressed treasury. To-day, if the price of salt was two cents a barrelful, we couldn't buy enough to pickle a jay-bird."

"What sort of an economist is the man who chews ten dollars' worth of tobacco in a year, and stops his newspaper because he cannot afford to pay for it?"

All of which makes us glad we live in Northfield where it is inconceivable that any man would hold back the printer's dues—at least not for more than a year or two.

Mrs. G. H. Smith of Brattleboro, is sending selected samples of her millinery goods to Perham's Inn on Mondays and Tuesdays. Inspection is invited.

Mr. Frank B. Helyar, B. S. A. head of the Deb't. of Agriculture of the Mt. Hermon Schools has resigned to under the superintendency of a new school just established by the state of New York at Morrisville. It is not yet announced who will succeed him at Mt. Hermon.

Wonderful
Ways of Ants

A remarkable instrument called the bloscope makes it possible for the student of science to watch very small insects at a considerable distance and learn of their ways without disturbing them. The watcher looks through the bloscope. It is also possible by means of the bloscope even to take photographs of tiny insects engaged in all the operations of their daily life. A gentleman named Dr. de Gaspary has thus used the bloscope for making studies of that most interesting branch of the insect kingdom, the ant family.

Once Dr. de Gaspary snapshotted a tiny ant washing its face and tidying itself up just after it got out of bed in the morning. Ants are particularly cleanly. What is more, these friendly little creatures help one another with the toilet operations. In the morning when they come out from their nest in numbers, one and another will stretch out their legs while a friend licks the extended limbs with his tongue. The friend also runs his little tongue along the other ant's antennae. An antenna is one of the feelers attached to an insect's head.

You have, of course, heard about co-operative labor—people working to-



ANT MAKING ITS TOILET.

gether in a friendly way, joining their interests and sharing the benefits alike. They have a perfect system of government, running far more smoothly than any organized by man. Their government officials are honest, and all the ant people living in one colony are treated fairly and are never defrauded or robbed by the others. There are different departments of work. Again, quite unlike the human family, every member of an ant colony must work and earn its living. Those ants that refuse to labor are destroyed.

If one ant of a colony attempts a job that proves too big for it immediately another one runs to the struggling little fellow and likewise takes hold of the object the first is trying to move, whatever it is, and tugs it away. In the picture you see two ants side by side shoving a dead fly away from near their home. The ant does not like offensive things close to its house.

The strangest fact about ants, however, is that they actually keep certain insects near their hills as human dairymen keep cows to furnish milk. You have seen on the leaves of plants



CO-OPERATIVE LABOR.

sometimes numbers of small green insects. They are called aphides or plant lice. Aphides exude from their bodies a sweet substance called honey dew, which ants are so fond of eating that they will capture aphide eggs, hatch these carefully and rear them in the ant colony, feeding them upon leaves. When the aphides are grown the ant strokes them with its antennae and squeezes them gently to make them press the honeydew from their bodies, so that the aphide is really and truly the ant's cow.

Heroic Courtesy.

A French writer on "The Revolution, the Empire and the Restoration," cites an amusing instance of what he calls heroic courtesy. Percy, Lord Beverly, invited to dine with him a marquis who was one of the most valiant soldiers of the army of Conde. Wishing to honor his guest and the cause which he served, that of the French king, the English peer ordered his butler to bring him a bottle of fine wine 100 years of age, "a ray of sun shut in crystal."

He opened it carefully and offered a glass to the marquis, saying, "If you deem it worthy the honor, will you

LAST CALL

The forms of the next TELEPHONE DIRECTORY close positively on

APRIL 23, 1910

If you are a resident or a prospective resident of this territory and desire to have your name in this book you must give your order AT ONCE

Call up our Local Manager in your town, free of charge, and an Agent will be sent to see you.

New England Telephone and
Telegraph Company

New Book by Paul D. Moody.

The publication of "The First Easter Sermon," an address by Paul Dwight Moody, will be welcomed not only by those who have heard the address delivered and urged Mr. Moody to have it put in print, but also by all who are interested in this timely topic.

Mr. Moody finds his theme in the words of Mary Magdalene: "I have seen the Lord," that first Easter morning. After tracing the story he draws several lessons, and makes applications for believers today. A striking poem by Richard LeGallienne is quoted with the author's consent.

The book is published by Northfield Press, and has a dainty white leather cover with emblematic lily design in gold stamping. The large clean print and wide margins make it attractive and readable. The price is 30 cents.

FOR SALE—Edison Graphophone Cost \$100 for machine alone. Will sell for \$35 and include 30 extra records and cases and a large \$10, long distance horn. May be seen at Frank Harness's farm, Northfield, or address Box 155, Northfield.

HEADQUARTERS for PIANOS

1 Kimball Piano, \$100. 1 Mason and Hamlin, \$150. 1 Ivers and Pond, new, \$290. Pianos for rent. I pay cash for Pianos and sell accordingly.

SAVE MONEY by buying of me.
J. H. LAMB Greenfield, Mass.

drink in this wine the health of the king?"

The marquis tasted the wine. "How do you like it?" asked the host. "Exquisite," replied the marquis. "Then," said Lord Beverly, "finish the glass. Only in a full glass can one drink the health of so great and so unfortunate a king." Without hesitation the marquis did as he was bidden. Only when the Englishman tasted the wine himself did he learn that what he had forced on his guest was castor oil.

Topsy Turvy Land.
The Topsy Turvy doctors have
A very curious way.
They do not cure folks of their ills,
But of their health, they say.

For instance, when a boy feels well
The doctor he comes by
And makes him stay at home from school
And dose himself with pie.

And that is why, 'twixt you and me,
An Upsidowney I would be.

"Lift Me Up!"
In some parts of Scotland large rocks or bowlders are sometimes found with ancient writings cut deep into them.

One such rock on a farm in Gallo-way had carved on it, "Lift me up and I'll tell you more."

The farmer resolved to do so and got together some of his men, and between them they did at last succeed in lifting the great stone. But instead of finding that it covered gold or some other treasure they found carved on the rock, "Lay me down as I was before."

They did so, and a group of disappointed men went slowly back to their everyday work.

When women break into the law-making class they undoubtedly will show the men some new stunts along the line of getting what they want.

MILLINERY

You will find an up-to-date stock of MILLINERY every Monday and Tuesday at PERHAM'S INN from Mrs. G. H. Smith's Brattleboro Store. Miss Emma Barrett will be in charge.

Your patronage is solicited.

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People to know that we have a full line of solid silver table ware, Rogers plated Good's Cut Glass, Pocket Books, Fountain Pens, all makes. A good line of Watches and Jewelry. Prescriptions for lenses correctly filled. All work guaranteed.

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Donnell and Davis

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Flowers in great profusion and the most lovely shadings.

A new invoice of black ostrich plumes in all styles and prices.

Donnell and Davis

Brattleboro, Vt.

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ATTENTION

ADRIANCE, PLATT & COMPANY

MAKE THE BEST
HARROWS AND
LAND ROLLERS

EVERYTHING WARRANTED

FOR SALE BY

W. A. WRIGHT

Haunting Memory.

"He is trying to live down his past."
"I didn't know he had one."
"Oh, yes."
"What did he do—rob a bank or run off with another man's wife?"
"No; he used to eat with his knife."

PERHAM'S INN

Pleasantly situated amid the famous old elms on Main Street. Excellent Table and Service

\$2.00 Per Day

Weekly Rates on Application

FIRST-CLASS LIVERY CONNECTED

M. O. PERHAM, PROP.

J. T. CUMMINGS

PAINTER, PAPER HANGER
AND DECORATOR

is still on WARWICK AVE., where for 35 years he has served the people of Northfield and vicinity with entire satisfaction and where he continues his same policy of first-class work at reasonable rates.

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CAN YOU AFFORD not to do so? Do you wish to chance being supported by charity?

THINK IT OVER, and then CALL, WRITE, TELEPHONE.

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DO IT NOW

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First Parish (Unitarian)
Main St. and Parker Ave.
Services at 10.45 a. m.
Sunday School, 12 m.

Trinitarian Congregational
Main St., near Mill Brook
Rev. N. Fay Smith, Pastor
Sundays, 10.45, 12, 6.45 and 7.30
Thursdays, 8 p. m.

St. Patrick's Parish
Main Street
Rev. J. S. Nelligan, Pastor
Services every alternate
Sunday at 8.30 a. m.

Advent Christian Church
South Vernon
Rev. A. E. Phelps, Pastor
Sundays, 10.45, 12, 6.30 and 7.30
Thursdays, 7.30 p. m.

Church News

A parish meeting will be held at the Unitarian Church on Monday next, the 18th, to make preparations for welcoming the new pastor.

It is hoped that Rev. Elliott W. Brown, D. D., will occupy the Unitarian pulpit on April 54.

Mrs. W. R. Moody conducted the service in Sage Chapel last Sunday evening.

The monthly Mother's Meeting was held at Mrs. A. G. Moody's on Wednesday afternoon. "The Moral Value of Work" was discussed under leadership of Mrs. Atwood.

Village Improvement Society

The Annual meeting of the Village Improvement Society will be held in the Town Hall Monday evening Apr. 18, at 7-30. All members and all residents who wish to become members are invited to be present.

Mrs. C. C. Stearns was taken quite ill with tonsillitis last Wednesday. Her sister, Miss Emma Alexander, who is an experienced nurse, is with her.

The Northfield High School have organized their Base Ball Team for the coming season with Harold McGrath as captain, Carl Newton, Sec. and Treas., and Prin. Howard' manager. Games will be played on the new High School lot and your interest and attendance would help the boys win.

Appearances Deceitful.

She had all the earmarks of a green stenographer, and it therefore occurred to the fresh young clerk that here was one whom he could guy to his heart's content. After luncheon hour, when all the men were in the office, seemed the best time to show what a wag he was.

Tipping them that he was going to have some fun, he went up to her and said, "Oh, Miss T., I heard the funniest story today," and he proceeded to get off a time honored patriarch of a joke.

When he had finished she looked at him guilelessly and said, "Oh, Mr. X., if you ever hear the mate to that will you tell me?"

"The mate?" said he, rather bewildered.

"Well, you know," said she, "Noah took a pair of all things into the ark with him, and now that I know one of the jokes really I would love to know the other."—Lippincott's.

It Never Comes Again.

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balm for all our pains,
But when youth, the dream, departs
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better
Under manhood's sterner reign.
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain.
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.
—Richard H. Stoddard.

According to Formula.

Judge Pennypacker was once asked by his brother Harry during a session of court for the loan of \$5. Harry walked to the desk and whispered the request in the judge's ear. The latter, looking down over the top of his glasses without the suggestion of a smile, said loud enough to be heard throughout the room:

"Put your application in writing and present it to the court in a proper manner."

Mr. Pennypacker, thinking the judge's insistence upon regularity to be merely regard for the dignity of the court, wrote out the request and handed it to the clerk of the court, who in turn passed it to the bench. The judge read it quietly and seriously and then interrupted the pending trial long enough to say:

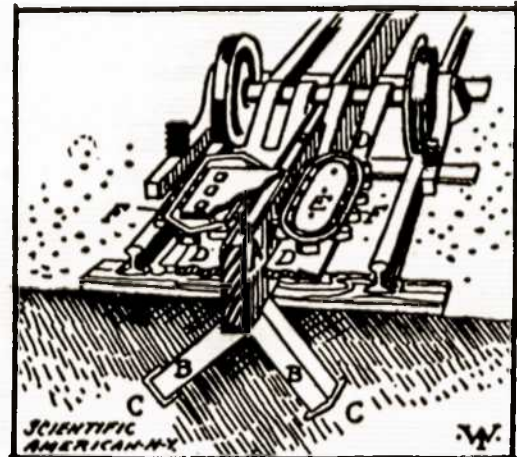
"Application for a loan of \$5 made to this court is received and refused."

CAR RETAINING DEVICE.

Mechanism Designed to Insure Safety on Railway Curves.

In order to insure the safety of cars when rounding curves and to prevent the car wheel flanges from having undue frictional engagement with the rails a safety mechanism has recently been invented which is pictured in the accompanying engraving. It consists of a central rail, A, that is supported on the ties and is strongly braced by means of anchoring devices, B, which are imbedded in the ground and terminate in plates C. The object of these plates is to prevent the anchoring devices from working upward.

The illustration shows a portion of a car truck passing over the rail A. The axles of the truck are connected by



CENTER RAIL RECEIVES PRESSURE.

means of auxiliary trusses, D, below the main trusses, on which blocks, E, are supported. Designed to travel around these blocks E are endless chains, F, fitted with rollers. The rollers are pressed by the blocks E against the guide rail A. As the truck passes round a curve the rollers tend to keep it in place. Ordinarily the forward wheel on the outside of the curve tends to bear against the rail owing to the fact that it is rigidly connected with its mate on the other side of the curve, and hence it cannot travel faster than the latter. The result is that the flange on the outer wheel is subjected to considerable wear. The centering device here shown, however, will prevent the flange of the outer wheel from being unduly pressed against the rails. The guide rail serves to prevent spreading of the rails and keeps the cars from leaving the track. The inventor is Robert Belden of California.

CIGAR AND CIGARETTE.

Smoker Gets More Nicotine From Former, Says Scientist.

Dr. Frank C. Kinsey of Three Rivers, Mich., in a report to the State Medical society of his laboratory research into the effects of cigars and cigarettes says cigars are worse than cigarettes. Some of the things the doctor declares are:

One cigar yields as much crude nicotine as nine ordinary cigarettes.

A smoker gets 77 per cent of the total nicotine out of a cigar, 55½ per cent out of a cigarette.

There is no arsenic in cigarette papers.

There is no opiate or "dope" in a cigarette.

The smoking of one cigar is equivalent to the smoking of about ten cigarettes in immediate succession.

Less nicotine is absorbed from a skinny cigar than from a fat one of the same strength and weight.

The doctor enters into a description of the methods of extracting nicotine from cigarettes and cigars and pictures with scientific detail the death of a six pound rat which was given four drops of "homemade" nicotine and the severe illness of an eight pound cat which was given one drop.

Moving Picture as an Educator.

The moving picture is now applied to educational purposes, says the Scientific American. Chemical tests are now exhibited on the screen. There are films illustrating the electrolysis of water, action of nitric acid on silver and action of aqua regia on metallic gold, etc. The test tube is thrown on the screen many times enlarged, and the chemical action is clearly illustrated. Most unsavory, but educational, is a film illustrating the peril of the fly. The flies are shown laying eggs in unsavory places, and before the eyes of the spectators the eggs develop in heaps of wriggling maggots. In the final stage the winged fly is shown in all its insanitary glory. Still another film exhibits the acrobatic fly lying on its back juggling various articles with its feet and even swinging a dumb-bell as large as the insect itself.

Pneumonia Cured by Serum.

A record of six cases of pneumonia ordinarily fatal, in which, after a treatment of inoculation with a vaccine of killed pneumococci, there was a complete recovery, is announced by Dr. Henry A. Craig, assistant physician at the Sailor's Snug Harbor hospital, New Brighton, N. Y., in the Medical Record.

In these cases the ages of the patients were from sixty-six to eighty-seven years, and, as is well known, pneumonia is fatal in almost all cases at that age. What is perhaps more important is that all the patients had a marked alcoholic history, and all showed marked arterio-sclerosis.



"An Advertisement is like a woman, it may be pretty or plain, but it isn't a success unless it attracts."

We wish to attract your attention to our new line of Suits, Hats, Caps, Belts, etc. The "Queen Quality" and 'Boston Favorite' Oxfords for women and the "Douglas" and "American Gentleman" for men.

C. C. STEARNS
WEBSTER BLOCK

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

A grouch is both an offensive and defensive weapon and generally very busy.

An old bachelor talks loudly about the pleasures of independence to cover up the evidence that he is in the discard.

Two can now live as cheaply as one will be able to live in another year if prices keep on at their present rate of high flying.

In this day of get-divorced-quick a man may have his courtship of No. 2 under way to the extent of being certain he won't be refused before his wife realizes that she is slated for the unemployed class.

Keeping up appearances at the same time that one is engaged in keeping down expenses calls for the united efforts of a diplomat and an expert.

The difference between a lawmaker and a lawbreaker isn't so much as might appear on first sight.

The woman who knows her own mind is often found not at all averse to extending its acquaintance.

Many labor saving devices turn out to be simply money spenders in disguise.

A self made man may as well appear to be proud of it, for he can't go back on the hallmark that is in plain sight.

What the Sandwich Was For.

A stately old professor was approached by a young student one day in the western colleges. Trying hard to keep back a smile, the young man asked:

"Professor, you say you are an expert at solving riddles, don't you?"

"I claim that I am, my boy."

"Well, then, can you tell me why a man who has seen London on a foggy day and a man who has not seen London on a foggy day are like a ham sandwich?"

The professor studied for a long time, venturing several answers, which proved to be wrong. Finally, at his wits' end, he said:

"I give it up."

"It's easy," said the other.

"Give it up," repeated the professor.

"Why," was the reply, "one has seen the mist, and the other has missed the scene. Ha, ha! Catch on?"

"Of course I do, you lunatic! But what has the sandwich to do with it?"

After the youngster had recovered from a spell of laughter he chuckled:

"Oh, that's what you bite on."

Almost Too Far.

"Very good repartee—very good—but perhaps a little strong."

The speaker was a prominent actor. He resumed:

"It reminds me of a dialogue at the Lambs club between a New England poet and a Scot.

"Bah!" said the Scot, hearing that the poet had a press agent. "Bah, you Americans are possessed with an itch for notoriety!"

"The poet tossed back his long locks fiercely.

"Well," he cried, 'an itch for notoriety is better than a notoriety for—'

"But with a 'Tut, tut, gentlemen!'" said the actor, "I ended this unseemly wrangle ere it went too far."

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Bungalows, Cottages, Building Lots.

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Good work at reasonable prices

YOU CAN'T IMPROVE

on Nature's way; the wild birds mate in April and experience teaches that domesticated fowl also hatch best in the Spring months.

YOU CAN IMPROVE

your poultry and increase the egg yield by hatching selected eggs from standard-bred Rhode Island Red hens.

GEORGE R. WITTE

Near Wanamaker Lake

EAST NORTHFIELD

Maine Seed Potatoes: Early
Rose, Queens and Green Mountains. Asparagus roots 25 cts.
a hundred.

L. O. CLAPP

The Winchester National Bank

Does a general banking business and solicits your account. Pays interest on certificate of deposit.

Capital and Surplus - \$125,000
Total Assets - \$364,000

James R. Hamilton, Agent

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Banking hours, 10 to 3; Saturdays, 10 to 2

Sheet Music for Sale

Put on your Old Gray Bonnet
Garden of Roses
To Have and to Hold March, etc.

ALL THE LATEST SHEET MUSIC.
ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. Tel. 154-3.

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W. G. SLATE

HOME LAUNDRY

Family Washing a Specialty
Also Piece Work

A Postal will bring quick response.
R. F. D. No. 1, Northfield

Unworked Field.

"The trouble about being an author is that everything has been written."
"Except one thing."
"And what might that be?"
"The unwritten law."



ELMER'S BALM

Is sold in adjoining village stores as follows:

Two at West Northfield,
Roy's. Northfield Farms,
Druggists, Millers Falls,
Druggists, Turners Falls,
L. S. Field, Montague,
O. F. Hale, Gill,
Lower (west) Erving
Post Office (Lyman) Warwick,
Druggist, Winchester, N. H.,
Racket and Druggist, Hinsdale, N. H.
L. B. Vance Agent, Bernardston, Mass.

The above is in reply to inquiries.
Those living beyond who may wish the name of their local agent will be supplied from a list of 2327 other dealers in New England who always carry it in stock.



Northfield Press

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NORTHFIELD

Continental trips arranged as
Tourist may select

H. T. HARADON

Wheelwright

AT WILBER'S

Warwick Av. and Main Street

QUEEN VICTORIA OF SPAIN AND HER LATEST BABY.



THE young queen of Spain, contrary to many forecasts and forebodings, at the time of her marriage to King Alfonso XIII, May 31, 1906, is said to be a happy, contented wife. She was one of the popular princesses of the younger British set, being known familiarly as Ena. Her full name was Victoria Eugenie Julia Ena Maria Christina. The first child born to the royal couple is the little Prince of the Asturias, who, like his mother, has a list of names long enough to make a necklace if strung on a string. He is called Don Alfonso and was born May 10, 1907. Don Alfonso, of course, is heir apparent to the throne of Spain.

DOINGS OF FASHION LAND.

Don't Wear an Untrimmed Hat Unless the Lines Are Good.

The prevailing fashion for having an entirely plain hat on the head is interesting and artistic, but one should not adopt it without knowing its danger. It is this—that unless the hat has exquisite lines it looks ungainly. Pique in a variety of colors, dotted and embroidered, promises to be popular for children's dresses. These are ornamented with linen or crocheted buttons.

Black velvet slippers will be worn with the daintiest of lingerie frocks next summer.

A feature of the new millinery is

IN FASHION'S MART.

Homemade Buckles For Hats—Fashion's Outlines Not Changed.

There is no end to the possibilities of fine wire and the metallic laces if one has the slightest ingenuity. Charming buckles for millinery purposes are made with these laces, all the wire being concealed under mock jewels.

Fashions are essentially the same in outline. There is no great change in fullness at any given point, which



ALL ROUND PLEATED SKIRT.

would naturally disturb the outlines as we know them at present.

For young girls from six to fourteen pongee will be made in quite simple designs trimmed with soutache braid. The tiny gimpes of tulle or net without collars will be used with these models.

For little children moire coats will be worn this spring in soft pastel shades for best. Irish lace collars and cuffs trim many of the coats for dress occasions.

The straight plaited skirt is always a becoming one to young girls. It is especially adapted to bordered materials. This skirt takes long, straight and becoming lines.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes for girls of fourteen and sixteen years of age. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 6903, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

SNAPSHOTS OF THE MODE.

Military Effects Much in Evidence in the Season's Styles.

Braiding on the new tailor makes shows a distinctly military tendency. Froggings and loops, barrel buttons and shoulder knots, hussar braiding and touches of soutache are all in evidence.

It is a noticeable fact that nearly all the new neckwear has a touch of color, delicate shades, of course, but always a trace in some tone. Of the many fashionable tints, blue is the favored, and the Japanese and water



SUMMER FROCK FOR GIRLS.

that the trimming is set at the back rather than at the side or front.

It is predicted that the belted coat of the later spring will be worn with some sort of flat collar in embroidered lawn or else in some contrasting cloth with a border of lawn or lace. One of the new models on this order had a collar of cerise pink cloth with a border of embroidered white lawn and valenciennes lace.

Young girls this season will wear a number of dresses that are made with loose blouses over plaited skirts. The frock pictured is in every way attractive, it is easy to make, and busy mothers will welcome the model as a boon.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes for girls of eight, ten, twelve and fourteen years of age. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 6907, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

Northfield Press, Proctor Block

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LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS, A Sacred solo, by W. W. Coe, 30 cts.

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Naturally we make a specialty of the works of Northfield authors, including:

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Our "COMBINATION CATALOGUE" of selected books, new and old, from all the publishers in this country and England, free on request.

CALENDARS AND DIARIES.

Northfield Illustrated Calendar for 1910, on sheets 14x11 inches, a separate leaf for each month. 40 cents (postage 10 cents extra).

Northfield Pad Calendar for 1910, a separate sheet for each day, upon which there is the day and date, a passage of Scripture with comment by a Northfield speaker, and blank space for memoranda, set in an iron stand. 25 cents (postage 5 cents extra).

Also an assortment of sheet, drop and pad calendars, from a few cents up.

Standard diaries for 1910.

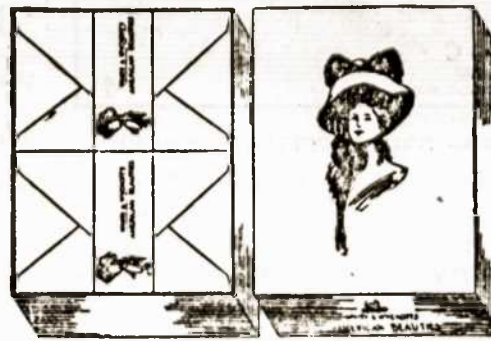
Diary edition of **TEXT FOR TODAY**, 35 cents.

D. L. Moody Year Book, 75 cents.

STATIONERY.

Paper and envelopes in holly boxes, 25 cents up.

Engraved "Northfield" and "East Northfield" paper, 25 cents a box.



"American Beauties," superior quality paper and envelopes, only 25 cents per box, as long as they last!

Desk pads, inkstands, perpetual calendars, pen-knives, etc.

Sealing wax in holly boxes, 25 cts.

Standard boxed paper and envelopes from 10 cts. up, and of tablets and pads in all sizes and prices.

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A large selection, from a few cents each, up.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Games, boxed paper and special stationery supplies.

Juvenile books in paper and cloth colored illustrations, etc.

Columbia Graphophones



Prices from \$18 up.

The new "Elite" Grafonola, \$100.

The new "Regent" Grafonola, library table style, \$200.

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Double-disc records, 65 cents.

Non-destructible cylinders, 35 cts.

New records every month.

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POPULAR READING

As good value as offered in the cities in the best recent fiction, at prices from 50 cents up.

Standard Works, both prose and poetry, styles to suit everybody's taste and pocketbook, from 25 cents up.

BIBLES.

Scofield Reference Bible \$2. to \$10.00. A wonderful Bible for the English-speaking world, with many new and striking features, new system of connected topical references to all the greater themes of Scripture, revised marginal rendering, summaries, definitions and index, to which are added helps at hard places, explanations of seeming discrepancies, and a new system of paragraphs.

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Northfield Press, Proctor Block

blues are preferred to the genuine color, and so are the lavender blues.

In making the stocks arrange the white color next to the face unless you are sure the color selected is becoming, for white next the skin will always make it look clear.

There are many indications that the summer will be a linen season, cordu-



THE USEFUL PRINCESS SLIP.

roy linen, linen de sole and similar fabrics dividing honors with real linen in light and heavy weight.

The princess slip is almost a necessity of up to date dress. This one can be made in various ways and is equally adapted to silk foundations and to lingerie materials.



IS APPROVINGLY USED BY DOCTORS AND NURSES.

Victor Liniment

Is a highly refined preparation for the human flesh, and is esteemed most valuable for every home. Ask your druggist about it. Insist on

Victor Liniment

and take no other.

Her Figure is Trim.
Her figure is trim.
She is stylish and swell.
Her figure is trim.
She is stately and slim.
But her dad—what of him?
She has trimmed him as well.
Her figure is trim.
She is stylish and swell.
—Detroit Free Press.

Habit.

"These are the very newest in walking shoes, very natty and comfortable," explained the clerk, showing her a pair about two sizes too small.
"Dear me!" she said, pouting.
"Haven't you any that button up the back?"—Buffalo Express.

Lim. In Re Ga.

A sinister woman in Ga.
Once read of Lucretia Ra.,
And on poison intent.
She spent her last cent
For the moonshine they make down in Ga.
—Philadelphia Record.

Improvement Hints.

Keep the sidewalks clean in front of well dressed show windows.

An ounce of enterprise is worth a ton of brag when town improvement is at stake.



Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

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Canadian Indians.
Canada has 100,000 Indians among her population of 6,000,000. The government has isolated them as wards of the nation in reserves which are scattered all over the Dominion.

Blackmail.
Blackmail was originally in England a compulsory payment for the protection of cattle in the border counties, but was prohibited in 1601 by Elizabeth.



[This matter must not be reprinted without special permission.]

A WRONG THAT NEEDS RIGHTING

The health of Americans of the future would be vastly improved if their mothers—the army of immature girls now in school between the ages of twelve and eighteen—were to devote less time and energy to Latin, French, geometry, history and “themes” for the development of their intellects and a great deal more to home duties, work on the lawn and in the garden and to other exercise and recreation out of doors for the building up of healthy and strong physiques, upon which factor chiefly their mission as mothers and homemakers is to depend. We'll admit that this view will be considered a bit on the old foggy order by some, but it is nevertheless correct and one that will be given increased attention in the years that are just ahead. There are several things to be righted in the school system at present in vogue over the country. One of the chief of these is the turning of the usually pale faced, anemic invalids at graduation time into girls physically robust and able to take up the serious and responsible duties of life. The credit for the situation which exists is largely due to a system which makes the curricula of public schools conform to college requirements when probably less than 10 per cent of the pupils enrolled will ever go to college; partly due to the blindness of teachers wed to the system and stupidly ignorant of the fact that children at thirteen do not have the endurance of grown folks at thirty, and even more it is due to shortsighted parents who through foolish pride allow and sometimes encourage their daughters to overwork that they may stand at the head of their classes. Those collectively and individually responsible should get their heads together and evolve a more rational system that will make it possible for the girl—the finest and sweetest of God's creatures—to develop as he intended she should develop.

THE DAUGHTER IN THE HOME.

All too many mothers make the mistake of saving their daughters in every way and allowing them to do little or none of the work about the house, when this not only means increased labors for the mother, but is a shortsighted policy for the daughter and particularly for those who will in all probability later have the responsibility of a household on their hands. When daughters in the home reach the age of thirteen or fourteen they ought to take the job of washing the dishes, much of the sweeping and all of the dusting off their mothers' hands, besides being taught to do the plain sewing and mending caused by their own presence in the home. Many mothers would rather do all this work than show their daughters how, but when analyzed this attitude of the mothers is usually traceable to a lack of pains, patience and true regard for the daughters' welfare. The average girl is willing to help if taught how to do so and made to feel that the assistance that she does render is worth while.

IT PAYS.

The point is now and then raised whether it pays to sow clover with small grain, particularly oats, if one plans to plow stubble and clover under in the fall. The best opinion along this line is that it does pay, the benefit derivable from the clover turned under being quite largely proportionate to the thriftiness of the clover plants and the stand secured. Even if such a course is followed the benefit of the clover to the land rarely fails to pay for the seed. Where it is possible to allow the clover to possess the ground the following year, taking off a crop of hay in the early summer and plowing under the second growth in the fall, the benefits derived from the legume are greatly increased. This is due to the fact that the older and larger the root systems of the clover are the more extensive is the development of the nodules, which are the depositories of the nitrogen which is taken from the air. It pays to grow clover—pays for one year, but a good deal more for two.

THE SEED BED.

Next to securing good seed that will grow there is no other respect in which the tiller of the soil should exercise greater care than in the preparation of the seed bed. More farmers fall down here and lessen the capacity of their land to produce large

crops to a larger extent than in any other single way. Valuable land should receive something better than this thirty cent care, which is likely practiced as generally as it is because the sinners along this line don't realize that for small grain to grow properly the bed in which it is planted must be loose enough to make possible a ready circulation of air and moisture from the surface down and from the subsoil to the surface.

Nuts are very rich in protein and oil and when eaten fresh are not only appetizing, but form an excellent substitute for meat. The nut eating habit, along with the apple habit, is one that ought to grow.

Many bog or muck soils contain fertilizing elements in as large per cent as average manure, but they usually need tillage and sweetening with an application of lime to render these elements available for plant life.

While the warmer climate of the west and southwest is favorable for the winter production of eggs, this advantage is quite offset by the fact that the warmer weather tends to greatly multiply lice mite pests, which constitute as serious a drawback as cold weather.

In making choice of land in a new section it is well not only to keep in mind the fertility of the soil and its ability to produce bumper crops, but the distance of the land from market. There have been cases where such handicap has well nigh offset the two advantages named.

In sections where the time of setting out the young orchard is likely to be followed by a protracted dry spell it is well to give the trees a mulch of some kind which will prevent a drying out of the soil about the roots. This, coupled with thorough cultivation of the tree row, should give the trees the moisture required for their proper development.

The important fact for the prospective buyer of a cream separator to keep in mind is not the initial price of the machine, but ability to extract butter fat from new milk. If it fails to do this, and any considerable amount of butter fat goes through and is fed to pigs in the swill, it will be a costly proposition if it were a donation to the fellow who is to operate it.

Many of the trees in the older orchards in the Hood river valley were set too near together, from fifteen to twenty feet, and the visitor in the valley last fall saw these same trees in yellow leaf, bearing undersized fruit and in general appearance suffering from both lack of fertility and moisture at the end of an unusually dry season. Most later plantings correct this fault.

A quite striking illustration of the limited amount of nourishment required to sustain plant and tree life is found in a pine tree which grows from a crevice, largely of its own making, at the summit of the majestic, weather beaten gray granite sentinel dome in Yosemite valley. It has a diameter of fifteen inches, is twenty to twenty-five feet high, with a spread in top, and seems to have thrived on its scant fare. The United States survey mark within a couple of feet of its trunk gives its elevation above sea level at about 8,000 feet.

The decidedly unfavorable season which has prevailed in the corn belt during the past six months, in which it has been Hobson's choice whether the corn spoiled faster in field or crib, will call attention with new emphasis to the value of the silo as a very effective method of preserving the corn crop. Put here before the killing frosts of October came, it would have come to no harm, while the farm owner and help would not have had to wallow around in the spring mud to get the last of it from the field. Owing to the fact that many fields were not husked before the deep snows came, the stock was not turned into the stalk fields as usual, and as a result they have had to be stuffed with high priced hay, the fodder in the fields, such as it was, not being utilized at all.

A conservation doctrine that needs a deal more attention given to it this year than was last is that of increasing the usefulness and wholesomeness of the myriad homes of the country—the multiplication of home comforts, the increase of home happiness and contentment, the rearing and training of purer minded and more whole souled boys and girls. Here is a conservation directly affecting our perpetuity as a nation in comparison with which the saving of forests from destruction, the keeping of soils from depletion and the prevention of the looting of our mineral wealth by the greedy sink into paltry insignificance. The fact is there is good ground for believing that if we paid more attention to our homes and boys and girls some of these other ills would right themselves, for there would of necessity be a larger moral element in our national life.

An oat grower with whom the writer was talking the other day had an experience last season in the matter of a preparation of the soil for the seed that will be of practical value to him from this on and ought to be to others who read this item. Last spring when he put in his oats he plowed the larger of the tracts and let the smaller, the soil of which was not quite so rich, go with two diskings, one before and one after the seed was sown. He was warned by some of his neighbors that if he plowed his oat land in the spring he would get no yield at all. He kept their doleful prediction in mind, but at harvest time noted the fact that on the plowed ground his oats yielded at the rate of fifty-five bushels per acre, while on the piece which was disked only they went but about eight or nine bushels. He tumbled to a most important soil and crop fact and henceforth will discard the old way.

Were the work that is incident to the earning of food, fuel and clothing and that involved in getting the same ready for consumption done away with everybody would have leisure and to spare, from the ditch digger and his wife up.

An experienced bee man calls attention to the interesting fact that bees always build their combs on the level and that this should be kept in mind when setting the hives and placing the supers. If these do not set level the combs will be built just so far out of true.

If cattle are compelled to remain out of doors in the wet and cold during the winter months in the daytime and at night are housed in a damp, nasty, poorly bedded place, the like of which can be found here and there, it is not surprising that they contract tuberculosis. We saw a herd not long since kept under just these conditions, and there did not seem to be a straight backed, full lunged, robust animal in the lot.

A very forceful testimony to the nutritive value of the western range grasses is the fact that during the winter months, when not snow covered, but gnawed close to the roots, it yet keeps the animals that browse on it in fair condition. Were these grasses no more nutritious than those which grow in the fat and well watered valleys of the eastern states cattle, horses and sheep would die of starvation in a few weeks.

The Colorado potato beetle, named because of the fact that it had its first home in the potato districts of that state, did but little damage in it native haunts for a number of years past until last season, when it proved a veritable scourge, in places moving in solid phalanxes and devastating many fields. While this beetle has spread in a comparatively few years over all of the central and eastern states, it strangely shows no inclination to move westward.

While the dry farming country of the west has opportunities for the man who understands the type of tillage he will have to follow and an adequate comprehension of the difficulties which will likely confront him, it is no place for any man to go who has not had brains, initiative and energy enough to succeed in the central and eastern states, where the rainfall is sufficient and where conditions are, on the whole favorable to a successful and profitable tillage of the soil. Those who succeed in the west succeed by dint of energy and well directed effort.

An admonition that agricultural papers over the country should repeat monthly and that the would be settler on irrigated lands should keep steadfastly in mind all the time is that when land is bought in an irrigation district the terms of sale should give an absolute and unequivocal guarantee of water both in necessary quantity and at such times and seasons as it will be needed. While the soil in most all arid sections is sufficiently fertile and productive, it is worth little or nothing unless water can be got to it. Whether the backers of this or that irrigation project are reliable and can deliver the goods in the matter of water when wanted can be quite accurately determined by inquiry cheaply made, not costing more than 2 cents directed to the department of the interior at Washington.

An even more pathetic spectacle than any to be found in asylums for insane or feeble minded is the fellow, usually a man, who sponges off the women folk of his own tribe, who stuffs his stomach and keeps the seat of his pants patched while waiting for an inheritance, a windfall from some rich uncle or forbear. We have known of just such types who carried out this shiftless, unmanly, do-nothing policy, for a period of years, acquiring habit meanwhile which caused what there was left of their patrimony to go through their fingers like water through a sieve. It is well for those who anticipate wealth of this type to realize that it requires quite as large a measure of industry and thrift to rightly handle it as to accumulate it at the start and that unless one deve-



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ops such qualities inherited wealth o this type will prove but a mockery and a snare.

Effective aid could be rendered to forest conservation policy in many states were laws passed which would exempt from taxation areas set to or chard and forest trees or would at least postpone the levying of the tax until such time as the timber was cut or the fruit trees came to bearing age. In a case of the former kind which we came across the other day the assessor called on the owner of a thrift, and promising timber lot and, under the laws operative in the state, assessed the growing timber at its full value. He had done the same the year previous and will doubtless follow the same policy in the future. The upshot of this will be that the owner will cut the immature timber down before the assessor comes around next year. There is a manifest injustice in such a course which discerning legislators ought to correct. Rather than be taxed out of existence by such a stupid and shortsighted policy the taxation of timber lots ought to be so adjusted that encouragement would be given to the growing of them.

J. E. Trigg

Absentminded.

Modjeska used to tell a story about her honeymoon that is somewhat amusing. When the Countess and Count of Bozenta were on their wedding trip it happened one morning that she had just got up when the count, who had been out for an hour or two taking a morning walk, came back and called to her excitedly: “Helen! Helen! Come here.”

“What is it?”

“Come here quick. I’ve brought you some lovely fruit, the first of the market.”

“All right; I’m dressing. I’ll come as soon as I have finished getting ready.”

She dressed leisurely and entered the sitting room. The count was sitting reading, deeply interested in his book. She looked round. No fruit was to be seen. She looked all over the place. The count looked up.

“What are you looking for?”

“Where’s that fruit?”

The count looked on the table. It was not there.

“Good gracious!” he said. “I’ll be hanged if I haven’t eaten it!”

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FRANKLIN, SS.—CASE 16099.—PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of HELEN M. SMITH, late of Northfield, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to N. Fay Smith of said Northfield, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Greenfield, in said County of Franklin, on the first Tuesday of May A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Northfield Press, a newspaper published in said Northfield, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, FRANCIS M. THOMPSON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of April in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

FRANCIS M. THOMPSON, Register.

Wanted—Bids for furnishing 40000 ft. of chestnut plank.
Address, Selectmen.

Mount Hermon.

The Philomathean Literary society has elected the following officers for next year: President, J. R. Scott, vice-president, J. Burt; cor.-sec., E. B. Merrill; ass't. cor.-sec., R. DeF. Boomer; treas., G. R. Brunjes; chaplain, P. Blackstone; rec. sec., D. S. Morrison; marshalls, E. Hayes, G. I. Josquin.

Rev. John McDowell awarded the Harriet Ford Cutler tennis cup to Conrad F. Cutler, who had won it in three successive tennis tournaments. The presentation was made at a chapel service.

The Good Government club has elected the following officers for next fall: President, L. W. Dean; vice-president, Henry Barnbrock, Jr.; sec., H. H. Cutler; treas., E. L. Saiselin.

Last Saturday evening the Pierian Literary society entertained the T Pi literary society from the Seminary.

The following men have been awarded the H. G. I. monogram for excellence in gymnasium team work: K. Mann, E. B. Barrett, A. Journeay, A. H. Esbig, C. D. Blanchard and A. R. Ives.

Prof. Duley gave the last number of the Saturday club lecture course. He spoke on Constantinople. His talk was illustrated by some excellent views.

South Vernon

E. B. Buffum and Son are installing an acetylene gas plant.

The topic for the Loyal Workers meeting next Sunday at 9-30 is "Value and blessing of obedience". Leader, Mrs. Harry Foley.

Miss Fannie Thomas of Athol, was a guest at the parsonage over Sunday.

Warwick

Mr. Warren P. Shumway of Troy, N. Y., spent Sunday in town.

Miss Lilla Nordsted has gone to Winchester for a few weeks.

The Misses Stevens have returned. They are at Mr. Salin Forbes but will be at their farm home soon.

Mr. I. A. Wood of Walpole, N. H., has bought the Morgan house near F. O. Bennetts and has moved in the past week.

Mr. Sidney White spent Sunday in town.

Miss M. A. Longwell led the meeting at the Congregational Church Sunday evening.

The Young People's meetings at the Unitarian Church have been started again. Sumner Baker had charge of the one held Sunday night.

Deacon W. E. Blackmer, his wife and two sons, also Deacon Wm. Hager and wife from North Orange attended service at the Congregational Church Sunday morning.

There will be a bean supper and entertainment at the Congregational Church Thursday evening, Apr. 21. Supper will be served from 9 to 8 in the vestry, followed by an entertainment in the Church.

Margaret Graham is visiting friends in West Action and South Weymouth.

Dr. Paul Goldsbury spent Saturday and Sunday with his aunt, Miss A. M. Goldsbury.

His Rules of Golf.

A lawyer of considerable prominence took up the game of golf. Some of his friends volunteered chapters of advice, while another presented to the beginner a book of rules. After completing his first round the counselor was asked if he had mastered the rules. The perspiring lawyer realized the sarcasm of the remark, but proved equal to the occasion. "The rules? Oh, they are quite simple," he replied. "There are two I know of, and to my mind they are the most important. You must hit the ball with your club, and after you have hit it you must find it, of course, before you hit it again. It will take an honest man several weeks to master these two rules. After driving the ball you must hit it wherever it lies. Good lies are as important in golf as in fishing. Losing a ball costs you two strokes and the price of the ball. Hitting a caddy with the ball is justifiable homicide." —New York Tribune.

Not Altogether.

Promoter—I'd like to bring a trolley road into your town if I can raise the wind here.

Uncle Si—Waal, I'll be gosh derned! I s'posed they wuz still runnin' 'em by electricity.—Boston Herald.

Pursued.

What is a pussen g'netter go
To dodge dis mighty dread,
With groun'hogs waitin' down below
An' comets overhead?
—Washington Star.

Hot Time In the Pulpit.

Mrs. A.—My, but there was lots of fire and brimstone in Mr. Spouter's sermon this morning!

Mrs. B.—I expected there would be. Their cook left them yesterday.—Chicago Journal.

Gems In Verse

CALL TO A WORK OF LOVE.

SHALL I live to see fruition
If I plant a young tree now?
Shall I sit beneath its shelter
When the fruit is on the bough?

Shall I see my orchard whiten
When the sweet warm breezes blow
In some springtime of the future,
When my locks are like the snow?

Foolish heart, why ask the question?
Place the young roots in the sod—
Our reliance on the future
Manifests our faith in God.

Not with cruel greed we labor,
Like those ruthless ones who seize,
Vampire-like, earth's choicest treasures,
Drawing oil and felling trees.

Come—a generation calls us
To work of love—make haste
To restore a world of beauty
Man in blindness has laid waste.

Let us turn from barren labors,
Claim our heritage and share
In green groves and smiling hedgerows,
Low roofed homes and gardens fair.

And be sure in coming springtimes,
When the orchard drifts its snow,
Some young soul shall be uplifted,
Though your head be lying low!
—Indianapolis News.

SPRING.

ONE came tapping at the door
Of my heart today,
And her voice was sweet as birds
O'er the woodbine way.
And her breath was like the breeze
That in passing by
Paused to dream awhile in dew
Where the violets lie.

ONE came tapping at my door.
"Peace," I cried, "be still!
Age is mine. We walk the trail
Down the sunset hill.
Thou dost bear the buds of youth;
All thy sky is blue.
How could one so old keep pace
With a nymph like you?"

BUT insistent still she tapped
Till within each vein
Rings the old familiar call
Of the spring again.
Magic colors bloom my path
That her hand hath flung.
Gone are time and age and care—
Spring hath made me young.
—Isabel S. Mason.

BRAVE LOVE.

H'E'D nothing but his violin,
I'd nothing but my song,
But we were wed when skies were blue

And summer days were long.
And when we rested by the hedge
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.
We sometimes supped on dewberries
Or slept among the hay,
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes, the dear old tunes.
We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet love song.

The world has aye gone well with us,
Old man, since we were one.
Our homeless wandering down the lanes—
It long ago was done.
But those who wait for gold or gear,
For houses and for kine,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown
and sear.
And love and beauty time
Will never know the joy of hearts
That met without a fear
When you had but your violin
And I a song, my dear.
—Mary Kyle Dallas.

SMILE.

SMILE when luck is breaking wrong.
S'chant a snatch or two of song.
Cheerfulness will keep you strong
Where discontent will fall.
Yours is not the hardest lot.
Make the most of what you've got.
Smile a bit, for kicking's not
A thing that will avail.

SMILE though dark and long the day,
S'knowing it's the only way
You can win out in the fray
And conquer adverse luck
If you wear a smile of cheer,
Push ahead and persevere,
Riding rough shod over fear
And showing grit and pluck.

LET the other fellow frown
Who admits that he is down.
You may never gain renown,
But smile and life's worth while.
Laughter makes the heart beat young.
The pessimist will die unsung,
But you can be a man among
Men if you only smile.
—C. P. McDonald.

IN A SNOWSTORM.

THE evanescent wonder of the snow
Is round about us, and as in a cloud,
A vestiture inviolate, we walk,
Earth seems bereft of song and
shorn of sun,

A cloistral world. Even the lyric throat
Of the rapt brook is like a pulse beat
faint.
The wood, white architrave on architrave,
Is as a temple where the lips of prayer
Tremble upon the verge of utterance.
Hush! In the heart of this great gift of
sleep,

This void abyssal, may we not divine
The inscrutable Presence clothed about
with dreams.
The Immaculate Vision that is death, yet
life?

For out of death comes life. The twains
are one.
—Clinton Scollard.

Feeding the Animals.

Butcher—Well, little girl, what do you want?

Little Girl—Please, sir, a pound o' beef for the dog, 5 cents' worth o' liver for the cat an' two pork chops for father.—Harper's Weekly.

The Infallible Sign.

There is no doubt that spring has walked
Unto the center of the stage
When tabulated baseball scores
Bloom forth upon the sporting page.
—Denver Republican.

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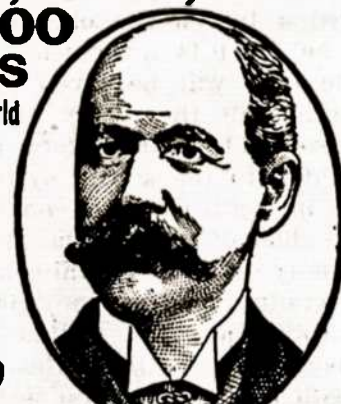
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